MYTHOLOGY IN
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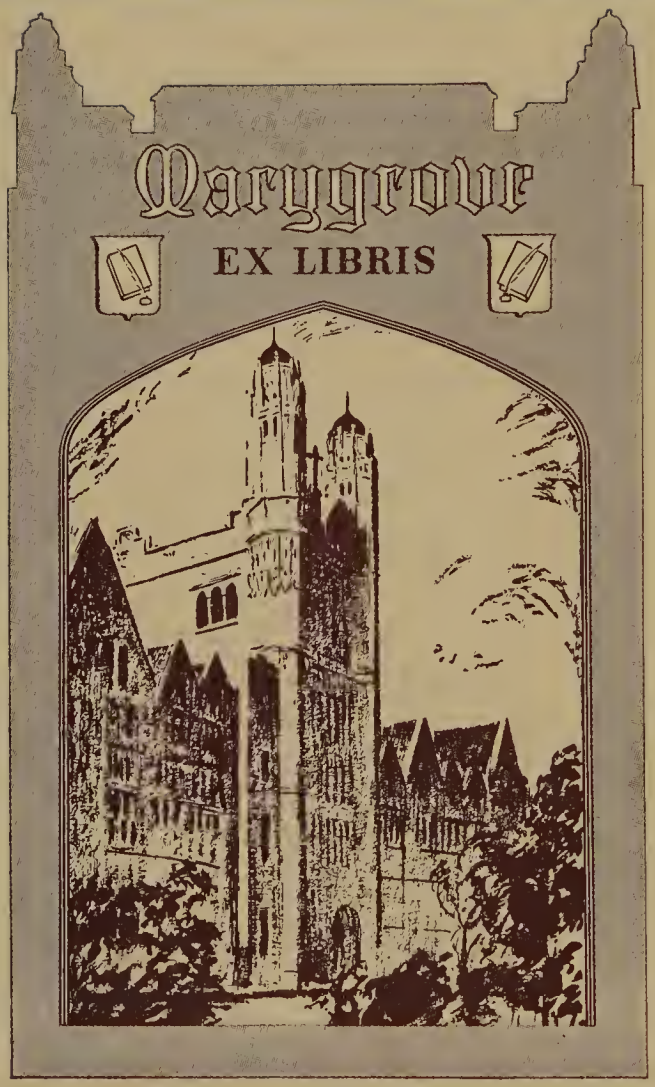
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"Myths are told and songs are chanted
Full of promptings and suggestions."

Mythology in Marble

BY

LOUIE M. BELL

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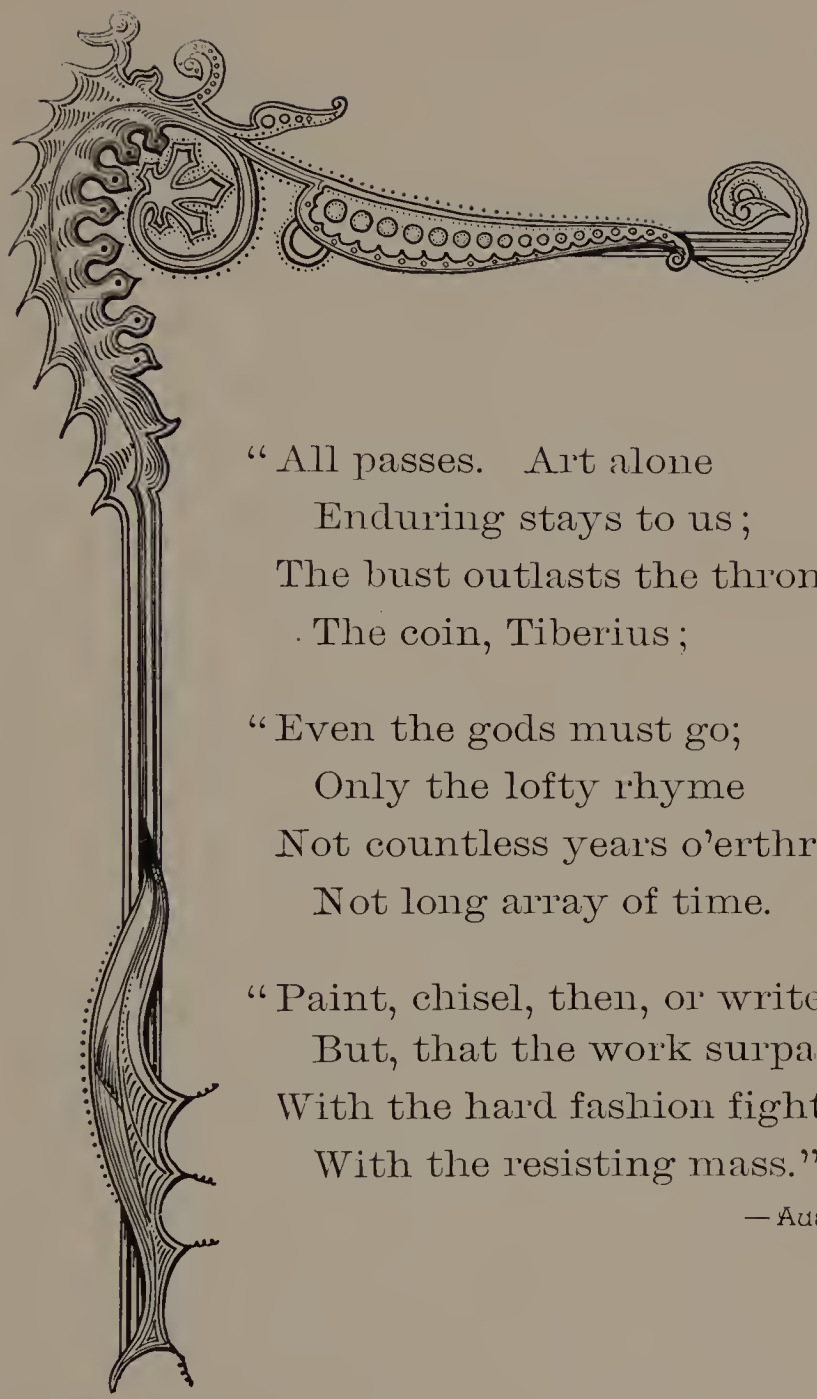

"All passes. Art alone
Enduring stays to us;
The bust outlasts the throne,—
The coin, Tiberius;

"Even the gods must go;
Only the lofty rhyme
Not countless years o'erthrow,—
Not long array of time.

"Paint, chisel, then, or write;
But, that the work surpass,
With the hard fashion fight,—
With the resisting mass."

—Austin Dobson.

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Preface.

"They are coming back in might,
Olympic gods, to claim their ancient right.
Shall then the sacred majesty of old,
The grace that holy was, the noble rage,
Temper our strife, abate our greed for gold,
Make fine our modern age?"

In this practical age it is not to be supposed that busy people in general have time to make a thorough study of mythologic science: but to share understandingly the love of sculpture now awakened in the public mind, and for a better appreciation of our galleries of casts, it is desirable to have at least a suggestive knowledge of the myths and legends which have inspired so many artists in the moulding of their statues, for —

"Even in ruins of their marble limbs
They breathe of that far world wherefrom they came,
Of liquid light and harmonies serene,
Lost halls of heaven and fair Olympian air."

In this book the aim has been to introduce some of the best specimens of mythologic sculpture to those who wish to become acquainted with things which add to the resources of a happy imagination, but who find it impracticable to study set treatises on "fossil theology," or to consider the historical development of art.

An unpretentious exposition of the myths has been given together with their popular interpretations. The poets, ever the best commentators on mythology and sculpture, are freely quoted. These metrical lines, relating either to the statues or the stories, may serve to stamp indelibly on the mind facts otherwise effaceable.

A table of Greek and Roman synonymous deities and a list of suggestive readings in modern literature are appended.

— *L. M. B.*

The Gods and Their Makers.

"Want you the brand and scope of man, he is
Maker of Gods. A novice at the trade,
He made God out of winds and thunder clouds,
The unpropitious seasons, threatening moons,
And the invisible ambuscade of death.
Poor frightened babe, he worshiped with a wail,
Clutching his mother earth, and in her face
Burying his fears. Then childlike artist grown
He craved for form, and from the shapes around
Contorted fair the figure of himself,
Moulded his deities in wood and stone
Around his bed, his banquet board, his tomb
As yet a bungler, but when youth infused
Into the sap and marrow of his brain
The vernal subtleties of love, he dreamed
Of gods as fair as he himself would be,
Majestic, abstract, yet with solid power
To make a goddess tremble; and behold,
Under the yearning passion of his thought
The embryonic marble sloughed its shell,
And gods of strength and beauty trod the earth,
Their foreheads high in heaven."

—*Alfred Austin.*

NIFICENTIA · PII ·

Jupiter.

"The Father of Gods."

"From the great father of the gods above
My muse begins; for all is full of Jove."

— MILTON.

STORY.

THE KING OF THE HEAVENS.

"When gods began with wrath,
And war rose up between their brows,
Some choosing to cast Cronus from his throne,
That Zeus might king it there, and some in haste,
With opposite oaths, that they would have no Zeus
To rule the gods forever."

— *E. B. Browning.*

Cronus, the father of Jupiter, was in the habit of swallowing his children at birth, but when Jupiter was born his mother, Rhea, hid him in a cave and and gave to the unnatural father a stone wrapped in swaddling clothes which he accepted, unaware of the deception.

Jupiter grew up under the care of the nymphs, and, after a mighty conflict, overthrew the dynasty of the old gods and took possession of the throne and dominion of Cronus. He was then supreme

ruler of gods and men, but had viceroys of the sea and the regions of the dead in Neptune and Pluto. His lawful wife, Juno, reigned with him in equal sovereignty. Their children were Mars, Vulcan and Hebe. Although wedded to Juno, Jupiter as the deity of the visible heavens, had brides and children in many lands. The abode of this wisest and most glorious of the divinities was on Mt. Olympus in the unclouded ether.

INTERPRETATION.

The strange story of Cronus, who swallowed his own children, has reference to the consumption and reproduction continually going on in nature.

The words Jupiter, Zeus, Jove, mean heaven, father, almighty.

ART.

This Carrara marble head was found at Otricoli, a small town near Rome, in 1775, and is called the most beautiful of all the representations of Jupiter. The high forehead is made to appear still higher by the lines of the hair which meet in the center in a pointed arch. A deep furrow divides the hair from the face. The curled beard seems admirably in keeping with Olympian dignity.

The work was probably executed in Rome in about the first century.

Juno.

"The Ox-eyed Queen."

"Where, O Juno, is the glory
Of thy regal look and tread?
Will they lay forever more, thee
On thy dim, straight, golden bed?
Will thy queendom all lie hid
Meekly under either lid?"

— E. B. Browning.

STORY.

THE GODDESS OF MARRIAGE.

"Wedding is great Juno's crown:
Oh, blessed bond of board and bed!
'Tis Hymen peoples every town;
High wedlock then be honored;
Honor, high honor and renown,
To Hymen, god of every town."

— *Shakespeare.*

Juno's marriage to Jupiter was one of the most auspicious events that ever took place on Mt. Olympus. To their union were traced all the blessings of nature and when they met as on Mt. Ida in a golden cloud, sweet and fragrant flowers sprang up around them.

It is recorded, however, that they had many quarrels and wranglings, the blame of which was

usually traced to Juno. She was frequently angry, jealous and quarrelsome, and her character was proud and not free from bitterness. The Romans believed that every woman had her Juno who protected her through life. The peacock was sacred to Juno.

"The white-armed Juno there enthroned was seen,
Sovereign of heaven and Jove's imperious queen;
Still near his queen her watchful peacock spreads
His thousand eyes, his circling luster sheds;
Where'er she bends the living radiance burns
And floats majestic as the goddess turns."

— *Lope de Vega.*

INTERPRETATION.

Juno is the personification of what may be called the "female powers of the heavens, that is, the atmosphere with its fickle, yet fertilizing qualities." That phase of her life as bride is obviously associated with the phenomena of the heavens in the spring time when the return of dazzling light and warmth spreads everywhere affectionate gaiety and blooming of new life.

ART.

This marble head is in the Villa Ludovisi, Rome, and is considered the most beautiful of all the representations of Juno. It expresses great energy of character united with the utmost feminine grace and purity. The name of the artist is unknown, but he is presumed to have been an Athenian.

Apollo Belvedere.

"And the cold marble leapt to life a god."

"'Bright haired Apollo,' thou who ever art
A blessing to the world — whose mighty heart
Forever pours out love and light and life."

— PIKE.

STORY.

A PYTHIAN GOD.

The slime with which the earth was covered by the waters of the flood, caused so excessive a fertility as to produce every variety of life, both good and bad. An enormous serpent, called Python, crept forth and lurking in the caves of Mt. Parnassus, became the terror of the people.

Apollo encountered this reptile, and, after a fearful battle, slew him with his arrows. In commemoration of this conquest he instituted the Pythian games, in which the victor in feats of strength, swiftness of foot or in the chariot race, was crowned with a wreath of beech leaves.

INTERPRETATION.

Apollo's conflict with the serpent, Python, is a symbol of the victory of light and warmth over darkness and cold. He used his bright beams (arrows)

against the demon of darkness (Python). His shafts slay men as does sun-stroke. Andrew Lang relates a strange coincidence of a German scholar, Otfried Muller, who had always opposed Apollo's claim to being a sun-god. He was killed by a sun-stroke at Delphi. The god thus avenged himself in his ancient home.

"The sunbeams are my shafts
With which I kill
Deceit, that loves the night
And fears the day.
All men who do, or even
Imagine ill
Fly me." — *Shelley.*

ART.

This statue is given the highest place of honor in Europe's most celebrated sculpture gallery, the Belvedere of the Vatican. It was discovered in 1503, amid the ruins of Antium and was purchased by Pope Julius II., who removed it to Rome.

It is for the modern world one of the most popular statues of the ancient world. Though it has been much studied and admired there has been a question as to its exact meaning. Collignon says that the object in the hand is a fragment of the Ægis with the Medusa head with which Apollo routed his enemies. Others think from the position and the quiver strap across the breast that the god is represented immediately after his victory over the Python.

Niobe.

"The Mater Dolorosa of Antique Art."

"To stone the gods have changed her but in vain;
The sculptor's art has made her breathe again."

— Greek Epigram.

STORY.

A FROZEN TRAGEDY.

Niobe, Queen of Thebes, was the daughter of Tantalus and wife of Amphion, who was the most famous of mythological musicians. She was the mother of seven sons and seven daughters. She became jealous of the Goddess Leto and commanded the Theban women to cease their worship of her, explaining that she considered herself far superior to Leto, who had but two children, while she had seven times as many. This so angered Leto that she commanded Apollo and Diana to kill all of Niobe's children. The father, Amphion, overwhelmed by this calamity, destroyed himself. The proud mother, thus bereft of husband and children, wept continually night and day, until Jupiter turned her into stone; yet tears continued to flow; and borne on a whirlwind to her native mountain, she still remains a

mass of rock from which a trickling stream flows, the tribute to her never-ending grief.

> "And now in Sipylus, amid the rocks
> And lonely mountains, she, though turned to stone,
> Broods over wrongs inflicted by the gods."
>
> — *Lewis Morris.*

INTERPRETATION.

Niobe is the personification of winter, and the myth signifies the melting of snow and the destruction of its icy offspring under the rays of the spring sun.

ART.

This statue is attributed to Scopas. It was disinterred in Rome in 1583 and is now in the Uffizi Gallery, Florence.

It is part of a group composed of seventeen figures — Niobe and fourteen children, a pedagogue and a nurse. The figure of the mother clasped by the arm of her terrified child is one of the most admired of the ancient statues. It is the highest instance in sculpture in which the body, itself exempt from pain, so wonderfully reflects the tortured soul. It ranks with the Laocoon and Apollo Belvedere as a work of art.

Mars.

"God of Dreadful War."

"The mailed Mars shall on his altar sit
Up to the ears in blood."

— SHAKESPEARE.

STORY.

THE WAR GOD.

Mars, the son of Jupiter and Juno, was born in Thrace, a country noted for its fierce storms and war-loving people. He had quarrelsome tastes and delighted in the din and noise of warfare, never questioning which side was right. Strife and slaughter were the conditions of his existence. His attendants, Fear, Discord, Alarm, Dread and Terror, sympathized with him heartily and readily followed his lead.

Bellona, goddess of war, watched over him closely. She drove his chariot, warded off dangerous blows, and in other ways protected him. The altars of Mars and Bellona were the only ones given up to human sacrifice.

The shield and sword, the spear and burning torch are the emblems of Mars. His chosen ani-

mals are haunters of the battle field — the vulture and the dog.

The character of this fierce god of battles had a softer side. Although inconsistent and capricious, he loved and was beloved by Venus, the fair goddess of beauty.

The principal worshipers of Mars were Roman soldiers who believed that he marched in person at the head of their armies. Their exercising ground was called the Campus Martius or field of Mars. All the laurel crowns bestowed upon victorious generals were placed on his statues and a bull was their customary sacrifice to him.

> "The soldier from successful camps returning
> With laurel wreathed and rich with hostile spoil,
> Severs the bull to Mars."
>
> — *Prior.*

INTERPRETATION.

The fury of the storm winds which threw heaven and earth into confusion furnished the conception of the god of war. The phenomena of the atmosphere with its tumults and uncertainty were well shown by his character.

ART.

This Mars, one of the most excellent works of ancient art, in the Villa Ludovisi, Rome, is sometimes ascribed to Scopas.

The god, with unused sword and shield, is sitting in a careless, easy attitude absorbed in reverie. It would seem to us from the little Cupid at his feet that it is love for Venus which has overcome the god of battles.

Laocoon.

" Or, turning to the Vatican, go see
Laocoon's torture dignifying pain —
A father's love and mortal agony
With an immortal patience blending; Vain
The struggle; vain, against the coiling strain
And gripe, and deep'ning of the dragon's grasp,
The old man's clinch; the enormous asp
Enforces pang on pang, and stifles gasp on gasp."

— Byron.

STORY.

A PLASTIC TRAGEDY.

Laocoon was a priest of Apollo at Troy and endeavored unsuccessfully to dissuade the Trojans from admitting into their gates the wooden horse which the Greeks gave out was intended as a propitiatory offering to Minerva, but in fact was filled with Achæan chiefs who, by means of this strategem, obtained entrance into the doomed city. Sinon, who had been left behind when the Greeks pretended to sail away, persuaded the Trojans that the horse would prove a blessing and they drew it inside the gates.

" Oh, the enchanting words of that base slave,
Made them to think Epeu's pine-tree horse
A sacrifice to appease Minerva's wrath."

— *Marlowe.*

Laocoon also struck his spear into the side of the monster. His words and acts so offended Minerva that she sent two serpents out of the sea to destroy him and his sons. They were speedily enveloped in the creatures' slimy folds and died in great agony.

INTERPRETATION.

Max Muller says that the meaning or root of the name Laocoon is symbolic of Sin the Throttler. The strange fate of Laocoon was readily believed to be a punishment for the violence he had done the sacred horse.

ART.

"Laocoon! thou great embodiment
Of human life and human history!
Thou record of the past, thou prophecy
Of the sad future, thou majestic voice,
Pealing along the ages from old time!
Thou wail of agonized humanity!
There lives no thought in marble like to thee!
Thou hast no kindred in the Vatican,
But standest separate among the dreams
Of old mythologies — alone — alone!"

— *J. G. Holland.*

This group is wonderful as a work of sculpture and one of the most celebrated pieces in existence. It was found in the excavations of the Baths of Titus, Rome, in 1506, and was at once placed in the

Belvedere of the Vatican, where it has ever since remained. The period of the statue is not definitely known.

The right arm of the father has been incorrectly restored. It is thought that it was originally bent in such a way that the hand was near the back of the head as then the general outline of the group would be pyramidal, and the summit of the pyramid would be the father's head.

The three figures represent three acts of the tragedy. The eldest son is still unhurt, and if we did not know the story we might think his escape possible.

In the father is seen the highest tension of forces to free himself from the coils of the serpents. The straining muscles, the expanded chest and head thrown upward and backward, show his terrible effort.

The struggles of the younger son are weak and pitiable, showing that resistance is at an end.

The expression of physical and emotional pain in this statue is so materialistic as to be repulsive to sensitive natures. The scene is literally too sensational for sculpture. "Its pathology overpowers its pathos."

Venus.

"Goddess of Love and Beauty."

"Look, look, why shine
Those floating bubbles with such light divine?
They break, and from their mist a lily form
Rises from out the wave in beauty warm."

— SHELLEY.

STORY.

THE BIRTH OF VENUS.

Cradled on a great blue wave lay Venus when discovered by the lovely sea-nymphs. They immediately assumed her care, tenderly nursed her and watched over her until she became a calm, splendid woman. Her grace and beauty conquered every heart. Oceanides, Tritons and Nereids, all gave her rapturous admiration. At length the foster mothers entrusted her to Zephyrus, who gently wafted her to the island of Cyprus where she was met by the Muses, Hours and Graces and led to the assembly of the gods, who bent in homage to her surpassing beauty.

Her power soon extended over men as well as gods, and temples were reared in her honor upon every shore. She had favors for some and strong

antipathies for others of the worshipers at her shrines, and many are the stories and romances which cluster round her name.

INTERPRETATION.

Venus is the image of the dawn, the most lovely of the sights of nature. In ancient times the power of admiring was one of the greatest blessings bestowed on mankind, and the beautiful morning, as embodied in Venus, was, therefore, intensely admired and worshiped.

ART.

"Through those calm lips, proud goddess, speak!
Portray to us thy gorgeous fane
Where Melian suitors thronged to seek
Thine aid love's paradise to gain.

Vouchsafe at least our minds to free
From doubts pertaining to thy charms;
The meaning of thy bended knee,
The secret of thy vanished arms."

— *J. L. Stoddard.*

This beautiful Greek original, the Venus of Milo, has been called "the marble realization of the dream of fair women." While it is universally recognized as a great work of art, nothing is definitely known as to the period or school to which it belongs.

It was discovered in 1820, by a peasant on the Island of Melos, in the niche of a wall which had long been buried. The French ambassador at Constantinople purchased and presented it to Louis XVIII., king of France, and it is now in the Louvre.

The statue is made of two blocks of marble joined above the drapery which envelops the lower limbs. The tip of the nose and the foot which projects beyond the drapery have been restored by modern artists. The restoration of the arms has often been unsuccessfully attempted.

In spite of the mutilated limbs of this marble Venus, she holds undisputed sway over the hearts of all beholders.

Hercules.

"The Hero."

"I toil no more
On earth, nor wield again the mighty strength
Which Zeus once gave me for the cure of ills;
I have run my race; I have done my work; I rest
Forever from the toilsome days I gave
To the suffering race of men."

—Wm. Morris.

STORY.

THE DEMI-GOD.

Hercules is one of the most significant figures in Grecian mythology. He was the son of Jupiter by a mortal maiden named Alcmene. Juno, who hated the children of her husband by mortal mothers, declared war against him from his birth. Through her decrees there were imposed upon him a succession of desperate undertakings which are called the Twelve Labors of Hercules. The variety and motives of these labors make up a story which might easily be turned into Christian allegory. Through them we learn not only of the strength of Hercules and his victories over monstrous evils, but also of his frailties which he vanquished by superhuman will.

INTERPRETATION.

Hercules is a sun hero, born of the sky (Jupiter) and the dawn (Alcmene). His twelve great tasks are interpreted to represent either the twelve signs of the zodiac, the twelve months of the solar year, or the twelve hours of daylight.

ART.

"Great Alcides stooping with his toil
Rests on his club."

— *Pope.*

This colossal statue, called the Farnese Hercules, was found in 1540 in the ruins of the baths of Caracalla, Rome, and is now one of the chief attractions of the Naples Museum, where it was placed by the Farnese family in 1790. There has been much dispute as to its origin, but the conclusion to which criticism is now pointing is that it was executed by Glycon in the first century.

The anatomy of the figure, though exaggerated to be in keeping with the character of the hero, is well worth study.

Venus de Medici.

A large proportion of the statues of Praxiteles represented the idealized beauty of women, and with common consent it is admitted that he created the type of Venus in his celebrated statue called the Venus of Cnidus. There is a story that he made two statues of her, one clothed and the other unclothed. The choice between the two was offered to the people of Cos, who, more modest than artistic, selected the draped statue. The Cnidians most joyfully bought the nude Venus and it was said to have made the seaport town so attractive that people flocked thither from all parts to view the beautiful marble goddess. But this statue has perished. It was seen in its beauty probably about 150, A. D. All that remain are but feeble echoes of its grace. Pausanius tells us that it was a portrait of Phryne, who was much beloved by Praxiteles and often served him as a model.

"Phryne, thy human lips shall pale,
Thy rounded limbs decay;
Not love nor prayer can aught avail
To bid thy beauty stay.

But there thy smile for centuries
On marble lips shall live;
For art can grant what love denies
And fix the fugitive.

And there upon the silent face
Shall unborn ages see
Perennial youth, perennial grace
And sealed serenity."

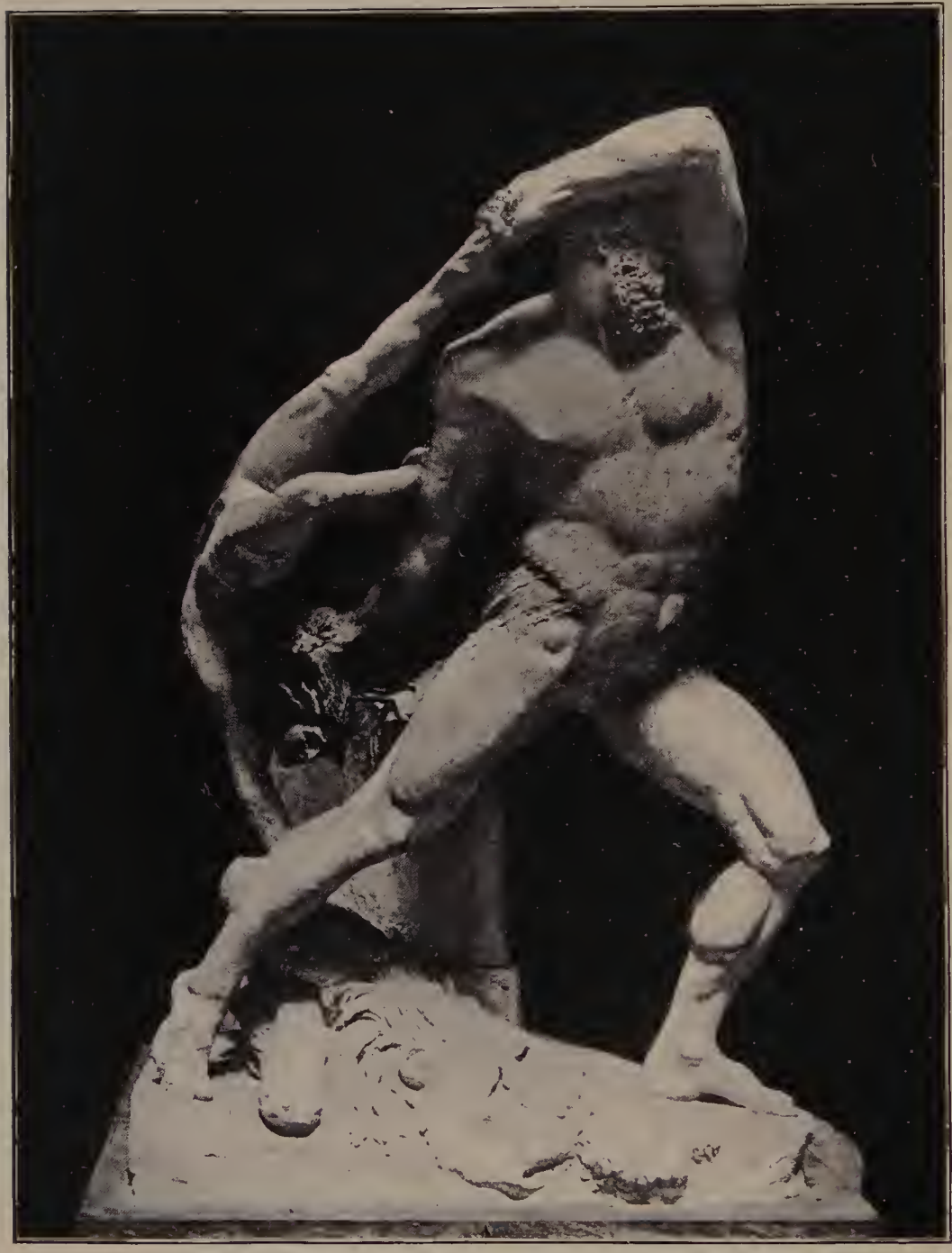
— *W. W. Story.*

INTERPRETATION.

The moral conception of Venus as goddess of the higher and purer love, especially wedded love and fruitfulness as opposed to mere sensual lust, was but slowly developed in the course of ages.

ART.

The Venus de Medici claims direct descent from the Venus of Cnidus, and preserves some of the sweet unconsciousness which must have been the special charm of the original. It belongs to the Græco-Roman period of sculpture and was executed by Cleomenes. It was found in the ruins of Portico Octavio, passed at once into the possession of the Medici family, and is now in the Tribuna of the Uffizi, Florence. Its "divinity has vanished; the beautiful humanity alone remains."



Hercules and Lichas.

"And Lichas from the top of Œta threw
Into the Euboic sea."

— Milton.

STORY.

DEATH AND DEIFICATION.

"Till the god, the earthly part forsaken,
From the man in flames asunder taken,
Drank the heavenly ether's purer breath.
Joyous in the new unwonted lightness,
Soared he upwards to celestial brightness,
Earth's dark, heavy burden lost in death.
High Olympus gives harmonious greeting
To the hall where reigns his sire adored;
Youth's bright goddess, with a blush at meeting,
Gives the nectar to her lord."

— *Schiller.*

When Hercules' twelve labors were ended he married Dejanira and lived in peace with her for three years. One day when they were traveling, in crossing a river, the ferryman, a Centaur by the name of Nessus, endeavored to carry away Dejanira, but Hercules heard her cries and pierced the Centaur through the heart with one of his poisoned arrows. With dying accents Nessus professed

repentance and begged Dejanira to take his robe and keep it for its magic power.

"Take
This white robe. It is costly. See my blood
Has stained it but a little. I did wrong:
I know it and repent me. If there come
A time when he grows cold — for all the race
Of heroes wander, nor can any love
Fix theirs for long — take him and wrap him in it
And he shall love again."

— *Wm. Morris.*

Soon afterwards the news was brought to Dejanira that Hercules was in love with Iola and she sent to him by his page, Lichas, the robe given her by the Centaur. When Hercules donned the robe poison seized upon his frame.

"Clasping each limb the tunic racked each joint,
Convulsive pains, but when he felt the accurst
Fell serpents' venom batten in his flesh
He cried aloud for Lichas, the ill-starred."

Lichas vainly denied all knowledge of the treacherous deed, but Hercules, maddened by his agony, seized him by the foot and hair and hurled him into space. "Lichas congealed like hail in mid air and turned to stone, then falling into the Euboic sea became a rock which still bears his name and retains the human form." Hercules wrenched off the garment, but it stuck to his flesh and with it he tore away whole pieces of his body. In this

condition he ascended Mt. Œta, where he built a funeral pyre, and laying himself upon it, commanded his son to apply the torch. The flames soon put an end to his suffering and his spirit passed in a thunder cloud to Olympus. Dejanira, seeing the calamity she had unwittingly caused, took her own life.

INTERPRETATION.

The slaughter of the Centaur by Hercules signifies the dissipation of vapors by the sun. Dejanira, "the destroying spouse," is daylight, Iola the beautiful twilight, and the bloody robe a sun cloud, now concealing, now revealing, the mangled body of the sun. Hercules ends his career in one grand flame, the emblem of the sun setting in a framework of blazing crimson clouds.

ART.

This spirited group by Canova, in the Torloni Palace, Rome, represents Hercules throwing Lichas into the sky. The poisoned garment clings most painfully to his body. The lion skin and club have slipped to the base of the altar upon which he was about to offer sacrifice.

Winged Victory.

"Nike the Victorious."

"The herald Nike first,
From the dim resting place unfettered burst
Winged victory over fate and time and death."

STORY.

A HEAVENLY MESSENGER.

The Goddess of Victory was the daughter of the giant Pallas and the Oceanid nymph Styx. Her attributes were a wreath, a palm branch and a trophy of armor. Sometimes she carried a staff as a sign of her power. She floated in the air with outstretched wings or appeared coming down to earth — now pointing the way to a victor, now placing a wreath upon his brow.

"Haste! haste! bring olive —
A people's tribute for the people's hour;
The gods themselves decree
To give the immortal dower."

— *Annie Fields.*

INTERPRETATION.

Victory was embodied in a winged goddess. In beholding this bold and graceful conception we real-

ize how picturesquely the Greek fancy personified even passing events.

ART.

This marble, one of the most noticeable and interesting in the Louvre, is a colossal fragment of a winged Victory discovered in 1863 on the Island of Samothrace. The head, arms and feet are lacking The statue must originally have been at least twelve feet high.

The figure seems sweeping down through the air and in the very act of alighting. Every fold in the floating garment has a direct purpose, at first indistinctly manifest, then widening and finally lost in the general mass.

The pediment on which the statue stood represents the prow of a ship, and makes it clear that it was executed to commemorate a naval victory of the Athenians off Cyprus, 306 B. C. As restored by Zumbusch, Nike holds in one hand a trumpet and in the other a rod intended to support the trophies.

The Three Fates

"The Weird Sisters."

"*Twist ye, twine ye! even so,*
Mingle shades of joy and woe,
Hope, and fear, and peace, and strife,
In the thread of human life."

— Scott.

STORY.

THE DAUGHTERS OF NIGHT.

"In their dark House of Cloud
The three weird sisters toil till time be sped:
One unwinds life; one ever weaves the shroud;
One waits to cut the thread."

— *Thomas Bailey Aldrich.*

The Fates were three sisters, daughters of Night, and were named Clotho (Spinner), Lachesis (Alotter), and Atropos (Unchangeable).

They exercised a great influence over human life from the cradle to the grave. They spent their time spinning a thread of gold, silver or wool — now tightening, now slackening, and at last cutting it off. This occupation was so arranged that Clotho put the thread around the spindle, Lachesis spun it, and Atropos, the eldest, cut it off —

"Comes the blind Fury with the abhorred shears
And slits the thin spun life."

— *Milton.*

Catullus thus gives a description of their spinning—

"Still as they span, as they span, was the tooth kept nipping and smoothing,
And to the withered lips clung morsels of wool as they smoothed it—
Filaments erstwhile rough that stood from the twist of the surface.
Close at their feet meantime, were woven baskets of wicker,
Guarding the soft white balls of the wool resplendent within them.
Thus then, parting the strands, these three with resonant voices
Uttered in chant divine, predestined sooth of the future—
Prophecy neither in time, nor yet in eternity shaken."

INTERPRETATION.

The three Fates are the embodiment of a doctrine of Necessity which has all things within its inexorable grasp. They represent the birth, life and death of every man — Clotho the birth, as she holds unwound the thread on the distaff, Lachesis the life, with the thread just passing through her fingers, Atropos the death, as she waits, holding the shears to cut the thread.

ART.

These figures in pentelic marble were taken by the agents of Lord Elgin from the east pediment of the Parthenon in 1801. They were bought by

the English Government and are now in the British Museum, London. There are no restorations.

The "blind decrees of Fate" recline negligently on rocky ground. Two of them seem almost as if about to rise, the third is leaning on the bosom of her companion. Their forms are large and robust, but at the same time supple and graceful and expressing perfect maturity of womanhood. The flowing flolds of their garments reveal as well as conceal the charming outlines of their limbs. "The dress is the echo of the form."

Meleager.

"The Graceful Hunter."

"Rock-rooted, fair with fierce and fastened lips,
Clear eyes and springing muscles and shortening limb,—
With chin aslant indrawn to a tightening throat,
Grave, and with gathered sinews, like a god,—
Aimed at the left side his well-handled spear,
Grasped where the ash was knottiest hewn, and smote,
And with no missile wound, the monstrous boar
Right in the hairiest hollow of his hide,
Under the last rib, sheer through bulk and bone,
Deep in; and deeply smitten, and to death,
The heavy horror with his hanging shafts
Leapt, and fell furiously, and from raging lips
Foamed out the latest wrath of all his life."

— SWINBURNE.

STORY.

THE HERO OF THE CALYDONIAN HUNT.

Meleager was the son of Œneus and Althea, the king and queen of Calydon. When he was born the three Fates foretold that the child would live no longer than a brand then burning upon the hearth. The mother carefully quenched the brand and hid it away and Meleager grew to manhood.

Diana, thinking that she was not duly honored by the people of Calydonia, sent a wild boar of enormous size to lay waste the fields. The growing

corn, the vines and olive trees were trampled and destroyed; the flocks and herds were driven hither and thither in confusion and slaughtered. Meleager called all the heroes of Greece to aid him in putting this monster to death. When they assembled for the hunt, Atalanta, a famous huntress, appeared, to the surprise of all.

> "Arcadian Atalanta, snowy-souled,
> Fair as the snow and footed as the wind."
>
> — *Swinburne.*

After an exciting chase, with many narrow escapes, Atalanta first pierced the boar which was afterwards slain by Meleager. The hero, enamoured with the lovely huntress, bestowed upon her the head of the animal as a trophy of his success. The two uncles of Meleager, brothers of Althea, were envious of this act and snatched from the maiden the trophy she had received. Meleager, in a rage at the insult, slew them both.

When Althea saw the bodies of her murdered brothers, there came upon her a desire for vengeance on her son, and she brought forth the brand so carefully preserved all the years, and threw the precious bit of wood upon the hearth. The brand was consumed to ashes and as the last spark flickered out, Meleager's life was "breathed forth to the wandering winds." In remorse for her deed Althea took her own life.

INTERPRETATION.

Meleager is a solar hero. He slays the boar (drought), loves Atalanta (dawn) and is finally slain by his own mother (twilight). The twilight cannot long survive the setting of the sun.

ART.

Since the taste for classic art has existed this statue has attracted attention. It is said that Raphael and Michael Angelo were filled with admiration when beholding it. There has never been any attempt at restoration of the hand which undoubtedly held a spear. Few heads of the hero type can be compared with this for power of expression. Meleager's unparalled virtues and his morbid passion are both represented. The statue is probably a Roman copy in marble of some celebrated Greek original in bronze. It is in the Belvedere of the Vatican.

Apollo Musagetes.

"The Patron of Music."

"To the sun-god all our hearts and lyres,
By day, by night, belong;
And the breath we draw from his living fires
We give him back in song."

— Moore.

STORY.

THE LEADER OF THE MUSES.

"Whom all the Muses loved, not one alone; —
Into his hand they put the lyre of gold,
And crowned with sacred laurel at their fount,
Placed him as Musagetes, on their throne."

— *Longfellow.*

Apollo was skilled in the art of music and sang hymns of his composing to an accompaniment of his own upon a wonderful lyre which Hermes had made for him. He was the dearly loved leader of the nine Muses, and was surnamed Musagetes.

That he should be the god both of music and poetry does not appear strange, but that medicine should also be assigned to his province may. Armstrong, a physician as well as a poet, thus explains —

"Music exalts each joy, allays each grief,
Expels diseases, softens every pain;
And hence the wise of ancient days adored
One power of physic, melody and song."

INTERPRETATION.

As the kindly beams of the "orb of day" (Apollo) spread light and warmth over nature there are heard everywhere happy, joyful sounds, the music of his lyre.

The sun was regarded as the natural restorer of all life and as such his power extended over human ailments and diseases.

ART.

This statue was found in the ruins of the so-called Villa of Cassius in 1774, and was added to the Vatican collection.

The rich and flowing draperies in which Apollo is clothed give the statue an almost feminine fulness of form. Although only indifferently executed, it has a graceful movement which renders it impressive. It is evidently a copy of a famous original, some critics say of Scopas.

The god is represented as gliding forward in the dance in which he leads the Muses.

Calliope.

"The Beautiful Voiced."

"Land of the Muse! within thy bowers
Her soul entrancing echoes rang.
While on their course the rapid hours
Paused at the melody she sang—
Till every grove and every hill
And every stream that flowed along
From morn to night repeated still
The winning harmony of song."

STORY.

THE MUSE OF POETRY.

"Offspring of Jove, Calliope, once more
To the bright sun thy hymn of music pour."

—*Shelley.*

Calliope, the fairest of the Muses and their chief representative, often appeared before the gods and many of them fell victims to the charms of her sweet voice and graceful manner. But of them all she loved the bright sun god best, and many were the verses she composed and sang in his honor. He returned her love with ardor. She readily consented to their union and became the proud mother of Orpheus, who inherited from his parents great musical and poetic gifts.

INTERPRETATION.

Calliope, the personification of the light of day and hence associated with Apollo, the sun god, became naturally, as her voice was song, the goddess of harmony and finally the Muse of epic poetry.

ART.

This statue of the Muse, found in 1774 in the ruins of the Villa of Cassius, and now in the Vatican, is graceful and artistically excellent.

Calliope is seated, her figure slightly bent in meditation. She holds a tablet in her left hand; while her right is poised in a manner to enhance the expression of thought. She seems to be debating just how best to word her song.

There are few works of art in which the artist's conception is more clearly and admirably shown.

Diana.

"The Virgin Huntress."

"Oh! Hunter chaste
Of riverside and woods, and healthy waste,
Where with thy silver bow and arrows keen,
Art thou now forested? O woodland queen,
What smoother air thy smoother forehead woos?
Where dost thou listen to the wide haloos
Of thy departed nymphs? Through what dark tree
Glimmers thy crescent?"

— Ben Jonson.

STORY.

THE MOON GODDESS.

"Goddess serene, transcending every star!
Queen of the sky whose beams are seen afar!
By night heaven owns thy sway, by day the grove,
When as chaste Dian, here thou deign'st to rove."

— *Byron.*

Diana was the twin sister of Apollo. She had many lovers, but her heart remained cold to all of them until one calm, clear night, in bending down from her moon-car over the shadowy, dream-like earth, she beheld Endymion sleeping. At once her heart was warmed by his surpassing beauty, and gliding gently from her chariot, she kissed him and watched lovingly over him while he slept.

"Chaste Artemis, who guides the lunar car,
The pale nocturnal vigils ever keeping,
Sped through the silent space from star to star,
And, blushing, stooped to kiss Endymion sleeping."

— *Boyesen.*

Partly awakened, Endymion rested his eyes for an instant upon the bright maiden ere she vanished, but that one glance kindled a great passion in his heart. Diana descended night after night to caress him while he slept, and even while wrapped in slumber he watched for her coming and enjoyed the bliss of her presence. At last she threw over him the spell of eternal sleep and, that none might know of her passion, concealed him in a cave, where she continued always to come and gaze enraptured upon his face and press soft kisses upon his lips.

"Queen of the wide air; thou most lovely queen,
Of all the brightness that mine eyes have seen;
As thou exceedest all things in thy shrine,
So every tale does this sweet tale of thine."

— *Keats.*

INTERPRETATION.

"This story suggests aspiring and poetic love, a life spent more in dreams than in reality, and an early and welcome death." Muller, the great authority on philology, says that in ancient language the people said, "Diana kisses Endymion to sleep," instead of, "It is night." Some mythologists consider Endymion the personification of sleep.

This beautiful representation of the gentle goddess of night in the Braccio Nuovo of the Vatican, was found in the ruins of Hadrian's Villa, on the Tiber. Diana, in a very graceful attitude, with head bowed and hands outstretched, rapturously gazes at her sleeping lover. The forearms are modern, but the restoration is in admirable keeping with the motive and is undoubtedly correct.

Sleeping Ariadne.

"High upon the hill of Drios,
As the day began to waken,
All alone sat Ariadne,
Watching, weary and forsaken.
And with sighing of the pine-trees
By the low wind gently shaken,
All day long in mournful snatches
Rose the plaint of Ariadne,
Watching, weary and forsaken."

— Thomas Davidson.

STORY.

THE DESERTED PRINCESS.

Minos, the king of Crete, in revenge for the death of his son, slain by the Athenians, exacted a yearly tribute from them of youths and maidens. Theseus, a valiant youth of Athens, offered himself as one of the victims of this tribute, with the intention of slaying the Minotaur, a hideous monster to whom Minos was in the habit of feeding his captives. The cave in which the Minotaur was confined was a labyrinth so constructed that no man who entered could find means to escape before he was met and devoured.

The king's fair daughter saw and fell in love with Theseus. She gave him a sword and a clue

of thread so that he was enabled to slay the Minotaur and find his way out of the labyrinth.

> "And the slender clue
> Prepared in secret by the enamoured maid,
> Through the curved labyrinth his steps conveyed."
>
> — *Catullus.*

Fearing the wrath of her father, Ariadne fled with Theseus to the Island of Naxos. But Theseus, ungrateful and selfish, deserted her while she was sleeping, and setting sail to his ship, was soon borne away.

INTERPRETATION.

Theseus is the sun: he slays the Minotaur (the terrible monster of darkness), and carries off Ariadne (dawn). Ariadne is forced to share the woes of all who love the sun god, and must be abandoned.

ART.

The eventful sleep of Ariadne on the Island of Naxos, during which Theseus deserted her, is here represented. It is an unquiet sleep as denoted by the attitude and the disorder of the beautiful but complicated drapery. The uneven surface, upon which the body reclines, causes it to be slightly drawn together, and adds to the idea of unrest. The gentle droop of the head, the relaxed, curving

arms, and the languid air of sleep make the figure extremely graceful and feminine, though almost colossal in size.

The statue has been in the Louvre since the time of Pope Julius II.

Ariadne.

"The daughter of a king, how should I know
That there were tinsels wearing face of gold,
And worthless glass, which in the sunlight's hold
Could shameless answer back my diamond's glow
With cheat of kindred fire? The current slow
And deep and strong and stainless, which has rolled
Through royal veins for ages, what had told
To them that hasty heat and lie could show
As quick and warm and red as theirs? Go free!
The sun is breaking on the sea's blue shield
Its golden lances: by their gleams I see
Thy ship's white sails. Go free if scorn can yield
Thee freedom! Then alone, my love and I,—
We both are royal: we know how to die."

— Helen Hunt.

STORY.

MARRIAGE OF BACCHUS AND ARIADNE.

The island where Ariadne was left when deserted by Theseus was a favorite haunt of Bacchus, the young god of wine. In wandering over the rocks one day, he came across Ariadne as she sat lamenting her fate. Her distress appealed to him, and in consoling her he became charmed with her beauty. His devotion and admiration caused her to forget her faithless lover, and, after a short courtship, Bacchus won her for his wife.

The bridegroom presented the bride with a golden crown adorned with seven glittering gems. Shortly after the marriage, however, Ariadne sickened and died. The broken-hearted Bacchus took the crown and flung it into space, where, growing in brightness, it became a beautiful constellation known as Ariadne's crown or corona.

> "And still her sign is seen in heaven,
> And, midst the glittering symbols of the sky,
> The starry crown of Ariadne glides."
>
> — *Apollonius Rhodius.*

INTERPRETATION.

As the female semblance of Bacchus, Ariadne appears to have been a promoter of vegetation. She alternated between the joy of spring and the melancholy of winter. By some mythologists she is thought to have been connected with star-worship.

ART.

This statue is the most celebrated work of the distinguished German sculptor, Dannecker (1758–1841). It is known to many people the world over through the generosity of Herr Bethmann of Frankfort, who admits visitors to his gallery, and from the many casts and pictures made of it.

The author did not choose the more touching and poetic character in which to represent Ariadne.

She is here no longer the deserted and desolate one, but the triumphant bride of the god of the vintage.

The figure, which is larger than life, reclines on the back of a clumsy panther. The body and limbs are finely modeled, and the attitude is graceful and pleasing. Some critic has remarked that this statue makes the conduct of Theseus inexcusable.

Minerva.

"The Wise."

"*From his awful head*
Whom Jove brought forth, in warlike armor drest,
Golden, all radiant."

— SHELLEY.

STORY.

THE DIVINITY OF ATHENS.

"Her home was on the radiant shores
Where snow-white Athens shines;
How beautiful her servitors,
How stately were her shrines!

And how from farthest east and west,
And by the unknown sea,
What goddess was so well beloved,
So much revered as she?"

Minerva was the daughter of Jupiter and was said to have leaped forth from his brain mature and in complete armor. She was warlike in her tendencies, but it was defensive war only with which she was in sympathy.

As a goddess of storms and battles the Greeks called her Athene, and as she also possessed gentle characteristics, she was styled Pallas.

She was the goddess of wisdom, of weaving and of agriculture, and was forever a virgin, scorning the affections which were frequently offered her. As the especial divinity of the people of Athens she put to flight a deity named Dullness, who had ruled there.

> "Ere Pallas issued from the Thunderer's head,
> Dullness o'er all possessed her ancient right,
> Daughter of Chaos and Eternal Night."
>
> — *Pope.*

Many temples and altars were dedicated to Minerva, the most celebrated of all being the Parthenon at Athens.

INTERPRETATION.

Minerva is a dawn goddess. Her Greek name, Athene, from the Sanskrit *ahana*, means the "light of daybreak." She springs from the "dark forehead of the broad heavens," searches out the dark corners, and fills all with her light. This conception of penetrating scrutiny passes readily into the idea of wisdom. The Latin *Minerva*, is connected with *mens*, the English *mind*.

ART.

It is easy to recognize statues of Minerva, as she wears an ægis or mantle of goatskin (the emblem of the storm-cloud), the clasp of which is the head of Medusa, won for her by Perseus. It

has been suggested that this head so worn has an inner meaning, and that it is intended for a symbol of evil which, though always present, may be made powerless by virtue.

This well executed statue of Minerva in the Capitol, Rome, is a direct offspring of the colossal creation in ivory and gold by Phidias which stood in the Parthenon. The energetic, warlike figure is short and thick-set. The folds of the drapery, especially that of the upper garment, are sharp and angular.

Euterpe.

"The Charmer."

"Who can bar the way of song?
Who can do the Muse a wrong?
Sooner may the stream be reined,
Or the noonday sunbeams chained."

— Edith M. Thomas.

STORY.

THE NINE MUSES.

"Nine sisters, beautiful in form and face,
Came from their convent on the shining heights
Of Pierus, the mountain of delights,
To dwell among the people at its base.
Then seemed the world to change. All time and space,
Splendor of cloudless days and starry nights,
And men and manners, and all sounds and sights
Had a new meaning, a diviner grace."

— *Longfellow.*

The Muses were the daughters of Jupiter and Mnemosyne (memory), and were born at Pieria on Mt. Olmypus. To each was assigned some particular department of literature, art or science, over which she reigned as goddess.

Euterpe presided over the art of music and was called the "mistress of song." Thalia was Muse of

comedy and burlesque, Melpomene of tragedy, Urania of astronomy, Terpsichore of dance, Erato of love poetry, Polyhymnia of sacred poetry, Calliope of heroic poetry, and Clio of history.

INTERPRETATION.

Euterpe is the personification of those lofty aspirations of mortals which find expression in music. The name Euterpe means giver of pleasure.

ART.

This finely executed statue of Euterpe is in the Louvre and is believed to be a copy from Scopas. The pose and attitude are remarkable for regal grace. The arrangement of the draperies is unique.

Orpheus and Eurydice.

'But give them me, the mouth, the eyes, the brow;
Let them once more absorb me! One look now
Will lap me round forever, not to pass
Out of its light, though darkness lie beyond:
Hold me but safe within the bond
Of one immortal look! All woe that was,
Forgotten, and all terror that may be
Defied, — no past is mine, no future: look at me."

— BROWNING.

STORY.

A PATHETIC LEGEND.

"Such notes as warbled to the string
Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek
And made Hell grant what Love did seek."

Orpheus and his beloved wife, Eurydice, were constant companions, but one day Eurydice trod upon a poisonous snake, was bitten on the foot, and soon died. Her spirit was borne into Hades by Mercury. The husband, left desolate, boldly made his way into the land of shadows, presented himself before the throne of Pluto and Proserpine, and, with the aid of his lyre, persuaded them to again unite the thread of Eurydice's life.

"Hell consented
To hear the Poet's prayer;
Stern Proserpine relented
And gave him back the fair."

— *Pope.*

Eurydice was permitted to return to earth on condition that, as she followed her husband from the regions of the dead, he should not look behind him. Conducted by Mercury, they had all but passed the fatal limits of that gloomy world when Orpheus, no longer able to restrain his impatience, looked back, and so lost once more and forever his beloved Eurydice.

INTERPRETATION.

Eurydice, whose name comes from a Sanskrit word denoting the broad-spreading blush of dawn across the sky, is a personification of that light slain by the serpent of darkness at twilight.

Orpheus is sometimes considered as the sun, and the dawn (Eurydice) reappears opposite the place where he disappeared; as the dawn is no longer seen after the sun has fairly risen, the ancients said, "Orpheus has turned round too soon to look at Eurydice, and so is parted from the wife he loves."

ART.

This marble relief, in the Villa Albani, Naples, is a fine illustration of one of the leading principles

of Greek art — extreme moderation in the expression of passion. The greatest grief is most delicately yet most intensely expressed by a few voiceless gestures.

Orpheus, guided by Mercury, is leading Eurydice back from Hades. Contrary to his contract, he turns with irresistible longing to look at her before they are entirely past the portals. Eurydice lovingly puts her hand on his shoulder. But now their parting must come. Orpheus' bitterness at his fate is expressed by his hand, which moves toward the hand of his beloved. Mercury, sad and pitying, takes her by the other hand to lead her again "down the darkling ways."

Bacchus.

"The God of Many Names."

"The jolly god in triumph comes;
Sound the trumpets, beat the drums;
Flushed with a purple grace
He shows his honest face;
Now give the hautboys breath: he comes, he comes,
Bacchus, ever fair and young."

— Dryden.

STORY.

THE GOD OF WINE.

"In chorus we sing of wine, sweet wine,
Its power benign, and its flavor divine."

— *Martenz de la Rosa.*

Bacchus, the youngest of the gods, was the son of Jupiter and Semele. His mother, instigated by the jealous Juno, who appeared to her in disguise, demanded of Jupiter that he should reveal himself to her in all his power and majesty. Jupiter unwillingly complied and, making his thunder bolts milder than usual, appeared before her. The lightning which played about his head set fire to the palace and Semele was consumed. The child, Bacchus, was snatched from the flames by his brother Mer-

cury and borne away to the nymphs, who guarded him most faithfully.

While still a youth Bacchus was appointed god of wine. Spring was a season of gladness for him, winter a time of sorrow. He delighted in roaming over the world borne by his followers or riding in his chariot drawn by wild beasts. His train was composed of men and women, nymphs, fauns and satyrs who drank wine made from water and sunshine, ate grapes, and sang the praises of their leader.

> "We follow Bacchus! Bacchus on the wing,
> A-conquering!
> Bacchus, young Bacchus! good or ill betide,
> We dance before him through kingdoms wide."
>
> — *Keats.*

INTERPRETATION.

Semele is the personification of a fertile soil in spring which brings forth the productive vine. Bacchus is regarded as the spiritual form of the new vernal life, the sap of vegetation as manifest in the juice of the grape.

The orgies were but a poetic incarnation of blithe, spiritual youth. The idea of Bacchus is not a simple one. His many titles have given rise to an almost endless number of variations of his story which are in many cases inconsistent and complicated.

Of the many representations of Bacchus this statue in the Naples Museum is considered one of the most lovely. It is full of gladness and is simple, delicate and beautiful. The child Bacchus is carried on the shoulders of a faun. He holds a bunch of grapes in one hand and clasps the head of the faun with the other. The faun is playing on cymbals and looks back and up at Bacchus with a happy smile.

Apollo and Daphne.

"Was it not well, Apollo, for revenge
Of thine, my stronghold should imprison me?
Surely thou art content. No dream of thine
For mockery, because I loved thee not,
Could have matched bitterness with this, this spell
That holds me fast in answer to my prayer.

Then crown thy lyre, if thou wilt so,
With my unwilling leaves. And let them be
Symbol to men, of triumph; nay, but hear;
To thee, memorial that I whisper now:
The eternal thing thou shalt not overtake,
Token of Daphne whom thou couldst not thrall,
And Song that hath the sov'reignty, — not thou."

— J. P. Peabody.

STORY.

APOLLO'S FIRST LOVE.

One bright morning Daphne, a charming nymph with flowing hair and sparkling eyes, was sporting in the forest. Apollo, passing by, saw the maiden and forthwith fell in love with her. He longed to obtain her, but before he could reach her side she fled. He called to her to dismiss her fears and listen to his love. He assured her of his sincerity, of his standing.

"You fly, alas, not knowing whom you fly,
No ill-bred swain, nor rustic clown am I."

— *Prior.*

But Daphne continued her flight, pausing not a moment to listen to his plea. Apollo pursued and gained upon her in the race. She called upon her father, the river god, for protection. "Help!" she cried, "open the earth to enclose me or change my form which has brought me into this danger." A moment more and her feet seemed rooted to the ground. A rough bark enclosed her quivering limbs. The woodiness crept upward and by degrees invested her whole body. Her trembling hands were filled with leaves. She was changed into a laurel tree. Apollo, reaching out to embrace her, clasped the still warm tree and showered kisses on on its leaves.

"I espouse thee for my tree;
Be thou the prize of honor and renown;
The deathless poet and the poem crown:
Thou shalt the Roman festivals adorn,
But after poets be by victors worn."

— *Dryden.*

INTERPRETATION.

Daphne is a personification of the morning dew which vanishes beneath the sun's hot rays and leaves no trace of its passage except in luxuriant verdure.

This remarkable group was executed by Bernini — sometimes called Michael Angelo the second — when he was but eighteen years old, and is now in the Villa Borghese, Rome. Near the close of his long life Bernini declared that he had made little progress after its production.

The flying nymph is seized by the young god and is already being changed into a laurel tree. The upraised hands are terminated by twigs and leaves instead of fingers. The wonderful manner in which the lower limbs are barked about is difficult to describe.

The technical details and mechanical skill of this group excel anything of the kind ever attempted, and the work is such as would beforehand have been pronounced an impossibility.

Proserpine.

"The Maiden."

"What ails her that she comes not home?
Demeter seeks her far and wide,
And gloomy browed doth ceaseless roam
From many a morn till eventide.
'My life, immortal though it be,
Is naught!' she cried, 'for want of thee,
Persephone, Persephone.'"

— Jean Ingelow.

STORY.

THE ABDUCTION.

"'Tis he! 'tis he! he comes to us
From the depths of Tartarus.
For what of evil doth he roam
From his red and gloomy home?"

— *Barry Cornwall.*

Pluto, the king of Hades, stole Proserpine from her mother, Ceres, while she was playing in the flowery fields and bore her away to reign with him as his queen in the gloomy regions of the dead. For days the sorrowing mother wandered far and wide searching for her dearly loved child. The earth which had so long obtained her favors was neglected. The cattle died, the seed failed to ger-

minate, there was drought, thistles and brambles were the only growth and famine threatened the people.

One day a water nymph, who heard the lament of Ceres, told her that as she had passed through the lower parts of the earth in her endeavor to escape from a too ardent lover, she had seen Proserpine reigning as the bride of the monarch there.

Ceres hastened to Jupiter and implored him to restore her daughter, promising that when she beheld her again the earth should be restored to fruitfulness, and

> "At last Zeus himself
> Pitying the evil that was done, sent forth
> His messenger beyond the western rim
> To fetch me back to earth."
>
> — *Lewis Morris.*

But the release of Proserpine was not complete. Jupiter's law must be obeyed, but Pluto, before he let her go, persuaded her to eat a morsel of pomegranate by which he cast upon her a spell that would oblige her to return to him, for half of the year, while the other half she could spend with her mother. As soon as Proserpine returned to earth Ceres cheerfully and diligently attended to her duties and all was blessed with plenty. But when six months were gone all nature mourned and wept, for Proserpine left the bright world and returned to the darkness of Hades.

INTERPRETATION.

Pluto, "the unseen," "the wealth giver," greedily drew all things down to his dismal abode. Hades was a prison or storehouse containing the germs of all future harvests, and in spite of its darkness was regarded as a land of great riches. Ceres, the earth mother, expresses the gloom which falls on the earth during the cheerless months of winter. Proserpine, spring, typifies the yearly blooming of the flowers and the growth of the corn from the seed, and hence was obliged to dwell in the dismal underworld during the dark days of winter, but could return with each spring to give gladness and fertility to the mourning earth.

ART.

This group, called the "Rape of Proserpine," the work of Bernini, is in the Villa Ludovisi, Rome. It has received much adverse criticism, but has also been greatly admired. It represents Pluto holding Proserpine in his brawny arms and, in spite of her struggles, carrying her off to Hades. In artistic excellence it does not compare with "Apollo and Daphne," which Bernini executed much earlier in life.

Cupid.

"The Child Angel of Mythology."

"Though little be the God of love,
Yet his arrows mighty are,
And his victories above
What the valiant reach by war.
Nor are his limits with the sky;
O'er the Milky Way he'll fly,
And sometimes wound a deity."

— SHIRLEY.

STORY.

THE BOY-GOD OF LOVE.

"For Venus did but boast a son,
The rosy Cupid was that boasted one.
He, uncontrolled thro' heaven extends his sway,
And gods and goddesses by turns obey."

— *Eusden.*

Cupid was the beautiful but mischievous son of Venus. He was never without his bow and quiver of arrows, and whoever was hit by one of his magic darts straightway fell in love. The wound was at once a pain and a delight. Some traditions say that he shot blindfold, his aim seemed so often at random.

"With bandaged eyes he never sees
Around, below, above.
His blinding light
He flingeth white
On God's and Satan's brood,
And reconciles
By mystic wiles
The evil and the good."

— *Emerson.*

Although nursed with tender solicitude, he did not grow as other children, but remained a small, rosy, chubby child with gauzy wings and dimpled face. Alarmed for his health, Venus consulted Themis (Law), who oracularly replied, "He is solitary; if he had a brother he would grow apace." In vain the goddess strove to catch the subtile significance of the answer. When Anteros, god of passion, was born, the secret was revealed. When with his brother, Cupid grew until he became a graceful, slender youth, but when away from him he always resumed his childlike form and bewildering pranks.

INTERPRETATION.

Cupid was the lord of the dawn. To a youthful race of men love was like a "morn radiating with heavenly splendor over their souls, pervading their hearts with a glowing warmth, purifying their whole being like a fresh breeze, and illuminating the whole world around them with a new light." To express

this feeling, the dawn of love, there was but one similitude,— the blush of day, the rising of the sun. They said "The sun has risen" where we say "I love."

ART.

Cupid makes one of the most attractive subjects in sculpture. We know him at a glance, whether beside his mother, with Psyche, or alone.

The Cupid of the illustration is the work of Michael Angelo. It was discovered forty years ago hidden away in the cellars of the Ruccelli Palace, Florence, and passed by purchase into the possession of the English nation and is now in the South Kensington Museum.

Cupid is seen in the statue as a well-grown youth, a noble conception of the young god. He seems to stand for a love that is determined, for a love that conquers every obstacle. He has dropped on one knee to take an arrow from the ground. In his raised left hand he holds the bow.

Vulcan.

"The Crippled Artist God."

"He made the gods their golden shoes,
And shod their steeds with brass."

STORY.

THE GOD OF FIRE.

"Those who labor
The sweaty forge, who edge the crooked scythe,
Bend stubborn steel, and harden gleaming armor,
Acknowledge Vulcan's aid."

— *Prior.*

Vulcan, the son of Jupiter, was born lame. He was flung from Olympus by his mother, Juno, who hated him for his deformity, and he fell into the sea, where the mother of Achilles found him. He made for her son a shield, which was a wonderfully clever piece of handiwork. Many celebrated pieces of metal work were ascribed to Vulcan. In revenge for his mother's cruel treatment of him, he fashioned a cunningly devised throne which held her by invisible bonds against her will. The thunder bolts of Jupiter, the trident of Neptune and the girdle of Venus all came from his workshop.

INTERPRETATION.

The word Vulcan means the brightness of the flame. Vulcan is represented as lame and puny at birth because the flame comes from a tiny spark. He dwells in the heart of volcanoes where the intense heat keeps the metals malleable so that he can mould them at will.

ART.

"At Venus' entreaty for Cupid, her son,
These arrows by Vulcan are cunningly done.
The first is Love, as here you may behold,
His feathers, head and body are of gold,
The second shaft is Hate, a foe to Love,
And bitter are his torments for to prove;
The third is Hope, from which our comfort springs,
His feathers they are pulled from fortune's wings;
Fourth, Jealousy in basest minds doth dwell:
His metal Vulcan's Cyclops sent from Hell."

—*Peake.*

Thorwaldsen's favorite branch of sculpture was bas relief, in which he excelled. One of his numerous works in this department shows Vulcan forging arrows for Cupid. He is represented as an aged man hammering at his forge and indicating by his attitude the lameness with which, according to the myth, he was afflicted, but with such delicacy as in no wise to detract from the god-like dignity of his figure.

CVRA · PII · VII

Perseus.

"Child of the Morning."

"For now behind her unseen, Perseus passed,
And silently whirled the great sword round;
And when it fell, she fell upon the ground,
And felt no more of all her bitter pain."

— Wm. Morris.

STORY.

THE SLAYING OF THE GORGON.

Perseus was sent by the tyrant, Polydictes, to attempt the conquest of the Gorgon, Medusa, a terrible monster, whose hair was hissing, writhing snakes, and who possessed petrifying power sufficient to turn all beholders into stone.

Perseus, favored by the gods and well equipped by them, sought the home of the Gorgons. He was rendered invisible by Pluto's helmet, and drew near without detection. Minerva had loaned him her mirror-like shield and, watching in it the reflected form of Medusa, he severed her head and seizing it, bore it swiftly away to Polydictes, who, upon beholding it, turned to stone.

INTERPRETATION.

Perseus, the sun, "destroyer of evil and noxious things," is forced by Polydictes, darkness, to journey to the home of the Gorgons, gloaming, and conquer Medusa, the star-lit heaven marred by ghastly vapors which stream like dark serpents across it.

ART.

This Perseus, by Canova, is in the Belvedere of the Vatican. It is a beautifully finished statue in which the artist evidently imitated the Apollo Belvedere. The head of Medusa is that of a young and lovely woman, with the serpents arranged about her face like curling hair — yet Canova has succeeded in giving her that expression of "freezing disdain which pierces the very soul."

Hebe.

"The Ever Young."

"Hebe honored of them all
Ministered nectar and from cups of gold
They pledged each other."

— Homer.

STORY.

THE CUP-BEARER.

Hebe was the daughter of Jupiter and Juno. She waited upon the gods and filled their cups with nectar with which it was their wont to pledge each other. But one day she awkwardly tripped and fell, and was forced to resign her office to Ganymede.

She married Hercules after he was received among the gods. Later traditions represent her as a divinity who had it in her power to make aged persons young again.

INTERPRETATION.

Hebe, the goddess of youth, embodies the fleeting nature of human existence, particularly the delightful and elusive stage of youth.

"Coy Hebe flies from those that woo
And shuns the hands would seize upon her:
Follow thy life and she will sue
To pour for thee the cup of honor."

— *Lowell.*

ART.

This poetic creation in the National Gallery, London, was executed by Canova. The buoyant Hebe is purely beautiful as she springs away like the joy of youth. The light drapery does not interfere with the floating movement. In one hand she lifts high the vase of ambrosia, and in the other holds a goblet.

GANIMEDE
ROMA

Ganymede and the Eagle.

"There too flushed Ganymede, his rosy thigh
Half buried in the eagle's down,
Sole as a flying star shot through the sky
Above the pillared town."

— TENNYSON.

STORY.

A TROJAN PRINCE.

"Eagle pinions, swift as thought,
Ganymede to heaven brought,
Stolen from the plains of Troy,
Loved of gods, immortal boy!
Still a stranger in the skies,
Ganymede in heaven sighs."

— *Edith M. Thomas.*

Jupiter was obliged to go in quest of another cup bearer to replace Hebe after she resigned her position. To facilitate this search, he assumed the form of an eagle and winged his flight over the earth. He had not flown far when he beheld Ganymede, a youth of marvelous beauty, alone on Mt. Ida. To swoop down, clutch him in his mighty talons and bear him safely off to Olympus, was the work of but a few moments. There the kidnapped youth, the son of the king of Troy, was carefully taught the duties he was called upon to perform.

INTERPRETATION.

Like Hebe, Ganymede personifies youth. Astronomers place him among the stars under the name of Aquarius. There is but little growth of mythical tradition about his personality.

ART.

This pleasing composition, referred by critics to the Alexandrian period, now in the Naples Museum, shows Ganymede standing by the side of the eagle and passing his arm about the bird's neck. The eagle is placed on a stump so as to bring his head nearer to a level with the boy's arm.

Cupid Stung.

" Cupid once upon a bed
Of roses laid his weary head;
Luckless urchin, not to see
Within the leaves a slumbering bee.
The bee awaked — with anger wild
The bee awaked, and stung the child
Loud and piteous are his cries;
To Venus quick he runs, he flies;
' Oh, mother — I am wounded through —
I die with pain — in sooth I do!
Stung by some little angry thing,
Some serpent on a tiny wing —
A bee it was — for once I know,
I heard a rustic call it so.'
Thus he spoke, and she the while
Heard him with a soothing smile;
Then said, ' My infant, if so much
Thou feel the little wild-bee's touch,
How must the heart, ah, Cupid, be,
The hapless heart that's stung by thee! '"

— *Moore.* (*Anacreon.*)

Cupid and Psyche.

" Pallas shall sit enthroned in wisdom's station,
Cupid and Psyche be forever wed,
And still the primal loveliest creation
Yield new delight from ancient beauty bred."

— E. C. Stedman.

STORY.

A FAIRY TALE.

" No dulcet sounds escaped her lyre
E'en when the summer nights were nigh;
Till Cupid came with glance of fire
And taught her all the mystery."

— *Goethe.*

Psyche was the youngest of three daughters of a king and by her beauty incurred the jealousy and envy of Venus, who commanded her son, Cupid, to slay her. Cupid prepared to obey the command, but became so stricken with Psyche's beauty that he fell in love with her and sent a Zephyr to convey her to a splendid palace where he became her husband. He visited her, however, only when the shades of night fell and entreated her to make no attempt to discover his name or see his face, warning her that if she did he would be forced to leave her, never to return.

"Dear, I am with thee only while I keep
My visage hidden: and if thou once shouldst see
My face, I must forsake thee: the high gods
Link Love with Faith, and he withdraws himself
From the full gaze of Knowledge."

— *Lewis Morris.*

Psyche promised to respect his wishes and when the first faint streak of dawn appeared he bade her farewell to return at night.

"Now on broad pinions from the realms above
Descending, Cupid seeks the Cyprian grove;
To his wide arms enamoured Psyche springs
And clasps her lover with aurelian wings.
A purple sash across his shoulder bends
And fringed with gold his quivered shaft suspends."

— *Darwin.*

While the novelty of the situation lasted Psyche was happy, but soon her sisters came and filled her bosom with dark suspicions.

"They told her that he to whose vows she had listened
Through night's fleeting hours was a spirit unblest;
Unholy the eyes that beside her had glistened
And evil the lips she in darkness had pressed.
When next in thy chamber the bridegroom reclineth
Bring near him thy lamp when in slumber he lies,
And then when the light o'er his dark features shineth
Thou'll see what a demon has won all thy sighs."

— *Moore.*

Psyche's curiosity and suspicions overcame her discretion and accordingly when Cupid was asleep she took a lamp and, bending over him, beheld not

a hideous monster, but the most beautiful of the gods. In the excitement of joy and fear, a drop of hot oil fell from the lamp upon his shoulder. He opened his eyes and fixed them full upon her, then spreading his white wings, flew away only stopping long enough to say :

" Farewell — what a dream thy suspicion hath broken !
Thus ever affection's fond vision is crost.
Dissolved are her spells when a doubt is but spoken,
And love once disturbed forever is lost." — *Moore.*

Psyche, disconsolate, wandered over the earth seeking her lover, and at length came to the palace of Venus. Venus retained her as a slave and imposed upon her the hardest and most humiliating labors. She would have perished but that Cupid, who still loved her in secret, invisibly comforted her. One day he found her asleep by the roadside with the marks of grief upon her lovely face. He softly kissed her and said :

" Dear, unclose thine eyes,
Thou mayst look on me now, I go no more,
But am thine own forever." — *Lewis Morris.*

He bore her away to Mt. Olympus where their union was blessed by the gods.

" So now in steadfast love and happy state,
They hold for aye their mansion in the sky,
And send down heavenly peace on those who mate,
In virgin love, to find their joy thereby."
— *Robert Bridges.*

INTERPRETATION.

Cupid is an emblem of the heart. The Greek word for butterfly is Psyche and the same word means soul.

> "The butterfly the ancient Grecians made
> The soul's fair emblem."
>
> — *Coleridge.*

The purpose of the story is to illustrate the three stages in the existence of a soul — its pre-existence in a blessed state, its existence on earth, its trials and anguish, and its future state of happy immortality.

ART.

One of the most beautiful of the many representations of this fascinating story is Canova's statue in the Louvre of Cupid awakening Psyche. We cannot fail to have an exalted conception of true beauty after gazing upon it. It has been said that no kiss in modern art is so ideal as the one here enjoyed. The youthful figures show grace of form combined with an exalted spirituality. Only a refined nature could have conceived the subject so purely.

Mercury.

"The Master Thief."

"By thy winged cap
And winged heels I know thee: thou art Hermes,
Captain of thieves! Hast thou again been stealing
The heifers of Admetus in the sweet
Meadows of Asphodel?"

— Longfellow.

STORY.

THE THEFT.

Mercury was remarkable for his dexterity and cunning. On the day of his birth he stole the "immortal oxen" of Apollo and drove them off to a secluded spot where he concealed them. When Apollo missed his cattle he began to search for some clue to their hiding place or to the thief, but found nothing except a few broken limbs and scattered twigs.

Suddenly he remembered that the babe whose birth had been announced that morning in high Olympus, had been appointed god of thieves. He soon discovered the young rogue hidden away in his cradle. Mercury put on a pretty air of innocence and denied all knowledge of the cattle; but Apollo

was not easily deceived. He took the thief to Jupiter, who ordered him to make restitution. Mercury gave his lyre to Apollo who presented him in return with the divining rod, which afterwards became the caduceus, and they were then the best of friends.

Although Mercury in his lowest aspects was an accomplished liar and cunning thief, he was at the same time a swift and trusted messenger of the gods, the fair youth of whom Homer speaks:

"Straightway beneath his feet he bound his fair golden sandals divine that bore him over the wet sea and o'er the boundless land with the breathings of the wind."

Mercury, when commissioned by the "high thundering Zeus" to perform an errand much to his distaste, thus soliloquizes:

> "Much must he toil who serves the Immortal Gods,
> And I, who am their herald, most of all
> No rest have I, nor respite. I no sooner
> Unclasp the winged sandals from my feet,
> Than I again must clasp them, and depart
> Upon some foolish errand."
>
> — *Longfellow.*

INTERPRETATION.

Apollo (sun) possessed great herds of cattle (clouds). Mercury (wind), born in the night, after a few hours' existence waxes sufficiently strong to

drive away the clouds and conceal them, leaving no trace of his passage except broken branches and scattered leaves. His swiftness, his strength and his persuasive powers make him an ideal messenger.

ART.

This charming composition by J. A. Delorme, in the Luxembourg, represents Mercury preparing to depart upon some errand for the gods. He is seated upon a rock in an easy, graceful attitude and is binding on his sandals while he seems to be deliberating upon the nature of the task he is about to perform. His limbs give an impression of strength combined with agility.

Mercury.

"Foot-feathered Mercury appeared sublime
Beyond the tall tree-tops, and in less time
Than shoots the slanted hailstones down he dropt,
One moment from his home; only the sward
He with his wand light touched, and heavenward
Swifter than the flight was gone."

— Keats.

STORY.

THE INVENTOR.

Mercury was not only the swift messenger of the gods, but presided over commerce, wrestling and other gymnastic exercises, and was the giver of sweet sleep. To him was ascribed the invention of the lyre. He found one day a tortoise of which he took the shell, made holes in the opposite edges, drew cords of linen through, and lo, the instrument was complete. The cords were nine in number in honor of the nine Muses.

"So there it lay, through wet and dry,
As empty as the last new sonnet,
Till by and by came Mercury,
And having mused upon it,
'Why here,' cried he, 'the thing of things,
In shape, material and dimension,

Give it but strings and lo it sings,
A wonderful invention.'
So said, so done; the cords he strained
And as his fingers o'er them hovered,
The shell disdained a soul had gained,
The lyre had been discovered.
O empty world that round us lies,
Dead shell of soul and thought forsaken,
Brought we but eyes like Mercury's,
In thee what songs would waken."

— *Lowell.*

INTERPRETATION.

Mercury was the wind, and the music he invented was the "melody of the winds which can awaken feelings of joy and sorrow, of regret and yearning, of fear and hope, of vehement gladness and of utter despair."

ART.

Chapu has here shown Mercury as a beautiful, vigorous youth with two light wings quivering on his head and winged sandals on his feet, emblematic of his swiftness. He is touching the ground with his magic wand round which two serpents entwine themselves.

The statue is in the Luxembourg.

The Genius of Death.

" This hour
Thou art the shadow of life, and as the tree
Stands in the sun and shadows all beneath,
So in the light of great eternity
Life eminent creates the shadow of death;
The shadow passeth when the tree shall fall,
But I shall reign forever over all."

— TENNYSON.

STORY.

THANATOS.

Thanatos, or Mors, the god of Death and twin brother of Sleep dwelt in a dark cavern near the entrance to Tartarus. His office was to introduce all men to the subterranean abode and reveal to them its secrets. Occasionally he was followed with meekness and submission, but more often his approach was regarded with fear. He performed his task with such relentless severity that at the sight of his gloomy figure men's hearts trembled and their minds were filled with awful thoughts.

ART.

The god of death has often been represented in art as a hideous, cadaverous looking deity, clad in a winding sheet and holding an hour glass and a

scythe. We have a more attractive personification in Canova's "Genius of Death," a detail of the tomb of Clement XIII., in St. Peter's, Rome.

The beautiful, pensive youth is sitting in a quiet, restful attitude holding an extinguished torch. The sleeping lion at his feet adds to the general air of repose.

The Graces.

"Goddesses of Gracefulness."

"The three on men all gracious gifts bestow
Which deck the body or adorn the mind,
To make them lovely or well favored show;
As comely carriage, entertainment kind,
Sweet semblance, friendly offices that bind
And all the compliments of courtesy;
They teach us how to each degree and kind
We should ourselves demean, to low, to high,
To friends, to foes; which skill men call Civility."

— SPENSER.

STORY.

THREE CHARITIES.

Three sisters, Euphrosyne, Aglaia, and Thalia, in fair Venus' train with the "rosy bosomed Hours," were goddesses who enhanced the enjoyments of life by refinement and gentleness. They were young and modest maidens always dancing, singing or running, or decking themselves with flowers. Their home was on Mt. Olympus where they often danced before the deities. The Greeks believed that labor without gracefulness was in vain, and so Minerva, who presided over the serious business of life, often called in the aid of the Graces. They also assisted Mercury in his capacity of god of oratory.

INTERPRETATION.

The manifold beauty which the works of nature, especially in spring time, display would seem to have given rise in early times to a belief in the existence of certain goddesses at first simply as guardians of the vernal sweetness and beauty of nature, and afterward as the friends and protectors of everything graceful and beautiful. Purity and happiness in life and gratitude among men were associated with them. The name "Gratiæ," or "Charites," signifies the exercise of kind affection, or the charities of life.

ART.

These figures of the Graces by Canova, in the Borghese Gallery, Rome, are classic in outline and refined in treatment. They show not a trace of sensuality. Many artists have delighted in reproducing this type of the Graces.

Pan

"Who weeps the death of Pan? Pan is not dead,
But loves the shepherds still; still leads the fauns
In merry dances o'er the grassy lawns,
To his own pipes; . . .
Pan cannot die till Nature's decease!
Full oft the reverent worshiper descries
His ruddy face and mischief-glancing eyes
Beneath the branches of old forest trees
That tower remote from steps of wordly men,
Or hear his laugh far echoing down the glen."

— J. G. Saxe

STORY.

AN ARCADIAN GOD.

Pan was god of the woods and fields, flocks and shepherds, and his favorite residence was Arcadia. He was fond of music and led the dances of the Hours and Graces.

The story goes that a coy nymph whom he loved and endeavored to gain was changed into a reed which he cut and fashioned into the Syrinx or Pan's pipe. With this he charmed trees and flowers as well as men and animals.

"Mad with love, and laden
With immortal pain,
Pan pursued a maiden —
Pan, the god, in vain.

For when Pan had nearly
  Touched her wild to plead,
She was gone — and clearly
  In her place a reed!

Long the God unwilling
  Through the valley strayed,
Then at last submitting,
  Cut the reed and made,

Deftly fashioned seven
  Pipes, and poured his pain
Unto earth and heaven
  In a piercing strain."

— *Archibald Lampman.*

Although Pan had a pleasant, cheerful face, he was curiously formed, having a man's body and a goat's legs and feet. He was supposed to delight in inspiring people with sudden and unfounded fears — hence the word *panic*.

INTERPRETATION.

The character of Pan was symbolic of Nature; the music of his pipes was the gentle, intermittent breeze.

The lower part of his body was that of a goat on account of the rough and rocky nature of his favorite haunts. His leaf-shaped ears — terminating in little peaks like those of some animals — indicate his wild, forest nature.

The face and figure of Pan as displayed in this statue by Fremiet, in the Luxembourg, give an idea of an easy, amiable creature. It is impossible to gaze long at it without conceiving a kindly sentiment towards it. The nose is almost straight, but curves inward slightly, giving the face a good-humored charm. The mouth seems so nearly to smile outright that one involuntarily smiles in return.

Hope.

" Oh, may she never,
Till life's lamp is quenched,
Turn away from me —
That noble reciter,
Comforter — Hope."

—Goethe.

STORY.

THE PAGAN EVE.

" Dowered with all celestial gifts,
Skilled in every art
That ennobles and uplifts
And delights the heart,
Fair on earth shall be thy fame
As thy face is fair,
And Pandora be the name
Thou henceforth shalt bear."

— *Longfellow.*

To Prometheus, a giant who first inhabited the earth, was attributed the creation of man.

" Prometheus first transmuted
Atoms culled from human clay."

— *Horace.*

It is also said that he stole fire from heaven and so cleverly used it for the benefit of humanity that it finally gave man dominion over all the earth.

" Beautiful is the tradition
Of that flight through heavenly portals,
The old classic superstition
Of the theft and the transmission
Of the fire of the Immortals."

— *Lonfellow.*

Jupiter so grudged fire to mortals that he became furious with anger and in revenge ordered Vulcan to fashion a woman out of clay and send her to man to bring misery upon him.

" The crippled artist god,
Illustrious, moulded from the yielding clay
A bashful virgin's image, as advised
Saturnian Jove."

— *Hesiod.*

The woman was named Pandora and on her were bestowed all the charms and weaknesses of human nature. Mercury led her to Epimetheus who, though warned by his brother Prometheus not to accept any gifts from the gods, succumbed at once to her beauty and made her his wife. He conveyed her to his home, where all went merrily until Pandora discovered a box hidden away in her husband's house. She was seized with a curiosity to know its contents, but Epimetheus forbade her to meddle with it.

" Yon mysterious chest
Attracts and fascinates me. Would I knew
What there lies hidden! but the oracle forbids."

— *Longfellow.*

The allurement proved too great, however. Stealthily she raised the lid to take a peep within and lo, out flew a multitude of plagues and scattered themselves over the earth to forever torment hapless man with diseases, vices and crimes. All that remained was Hope. After many entreaties she came forth to heal the wounds inflicted by her former fellow prisoners. "Thus entered evil into the world bringing untold misery: thus followed Hope to point to a happier future."

INTERPRETATION.

The progress of civilization is symbolized by fire and its adaptation to the uses of mankind.

Prometheus means forethought or Providence; Epimetheus afterthought. To be wise after an event is often to be wise too late. The temptation of Epimetheus came in the form of Pandora (all gifts), and was too fascinating to be resisted.

Diseases and evils can do no harm until they are let loose.

ART.

Thorwaldsen possessed in a remarkable degree the genuine antique spirit and in this figure of Hope he has embodied the calm simplicity and cheerful

repose which make the key note of the best Greek sculpture. There is about it a noble charm which seems to be a reflex of an inward purity. The smile Hope wears is delicately expressive of her name.

Suggestive Readings.

Jupiter

Olympian Gods. W. E. Gladstone, *N. A. Review*, April, 1892.
Epic of Hades. Wm. Morris.
Jupiter and Danaë. J. G. Saxe.
Jove to Hercules. Schiller.

Juno

Hymn of Terpander to Juno. Landor.
Marble Faun, Chap. I. Hawthorne.

Apollo Belvedere

Apollo and the Fates. R. Browning.
Fable for Critics. Lowell.
Apollo. E. C. Stedman.
Apollo Pythias. R. W. Dixon.
The Sun's Darling. Dekker.

Niobe

Songs Unsung. Morris.
Childe Harold. Byron.
Daphne and Other Poems. Tennyson.

Mars

Secular Masque. Dryden.
Faery Queen. Spenser.

Laocoon

Laocoon. Lessing.
Laocoon. James Sadolet.

Venus

Birth of Venus, New Symbols. Hake.
Venus Victrix. D. G. Rossetti.
Venus and Vulcan. J. D. Saxe.

Hercules

Hercules Spinning. J. D. Saxe.
Jove to Hercules. Schiller.

Neptune

Song of the Sirens. Lowell.
Hymn in Praise of Neptune. Campion.

Three Fates

Parcæ. T. B. Aldrich.

Meleager

Death of Meleager. Swinburne.

Muses

Prayer to the Muses. E. Arnold.
Spring. Pope.

Diana

Hymn of the Priestess, Diana.
To Artemis. A. Lang.
Endymion. Longfellow.

Ariadne

How Bacchus finds Ariadne. E. B. Browning.
Hanging of the Crane. Longfellow.

Minerva

Queen of the Air. Ruskin.
On an Intaglio Head of Minerva. T. B. Aldrich.

Orpheus

Orpheus: A Masque. Mrs. Jas. T. Fields.
Orpheus. Shelley.
Waking of Eurydice. Gosse.

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Synonymous Deities.

Greek.	*Roman.*
Zeus (zūs)	Jupiter (jö′pi-ter)
Hera (hē′rä)	Juno (jö′nō)
Ares (ā′rēz)	Mars (märz)
Aphrodite (af-rō-dī′tē)	Venus (vē′nus)
Artemis (är′tē-mis)	Diana (dī-an′ä)
Athene (a-thē′nē)	Minerva (mi-ner′vä)
Demeter (de-mē′ter)	Ceres (sē′rēz)
Dionysus (dī-ō-nī′sus)	Bacchus (bak′us)
Eros (ē′ros)	Cupid (kū′pid)
Hades (hā′dēz)	Pluto (plö′tō)
Hephæstus (he-fes′tus)	Vulcan (vul′kan)
Hermes (her′mēz)	Mercury (mer-kū-ri)
Leto (lē′to)	Latona (lā-tō′nä)
Nike (nī′kē)	Victoria (vik-tō′ri-ä)
Persephone (per-sef′ō-nē)	Proserpine (pros′er-pin)
Poseidon (pō-sī′don)	Neptune (nep′tūn)

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